

Woods Drops His Bedroom Farcing To Slip Down A Bit Further Into Turkish Baths



Latest Play by "Bedroom Farce King" Caters Still to Lowbrows.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—The bedroom has gone out of fashion as the chief setting of the modern farce. It has made way for the Turkish bath. Instead of the negligee of the bedroom we now have the almost, but not quite, undraped form of mahogany emerging from the steam room. At Woods is responsible for this innovation. It once was considered de trop, to say the least, to produce a farce comedy without a momentary glimpse of a bed in it. Woods, of course, went that considerably bet-

ter. He not only allowed one to glimpse a bed, but he left the well-known piece of Grand Rapids furniture right there in front of your eyes for the most of the time and staged the play around, under and over it. But he has done away with it, as we said once before, and in its place has presented us with a scene in a Turkish bath on "Ladies' Night"—that, by the way, being the title of the play, if such it can be called.

John Cumberland is back with us in "Ladies' Night." He is remembered for his agility in getting in, out and under the bed in "The Girl in the Limousine," one of last year's bedroom successes. He has no less this year to bounce around on. It seemed a few times that he would have welcomed one. He wanted to

find out what is the matter with the beautiful young man, whose name, by the way, is Jimmy Walters. When they really make up their minds that he is telling them the truth when he says he can't stand women in the undressed state, they decide to cure him by taking him to a dance hall where clothes are mostly conspicuous by their absence. They convince the inventor that once he meets a lot of young women who are wearing but little he will get over his strange feeling and become a normal human being. He doubts their wisdom, but decides to give their plan a trial.

Story Of The Famous New Mexico Maxwell Grant; American Soldier Who Set Up A Kingdom In West

CIMARRON, N. M., Sept. 2.—This little mountain town of a few hundred inhabitants was once the headquarters of one of the greatest estates that ever belonged to one man in America—the famous Maxwell Grant—and the remains of the baronial dwelling from which it was administered still stands here.

One of the most severe slaps in the face this country has received in some time was handed out by the producers of "The American in France," killed as a direct result by Eugene Brieux, which opened at the Comedy theatre. The only American in the play is an army captain and an American nurse. The rest are all French and the scenes are in France. The French writer has used his undisputed skill to place the American as rough, uncouth and without any of the finer qualities. His French characters, on the other hand, are all pictured as aristocrats and wearers of the purple. He even has his peasants looking down on the Americans as beneath them. The play was accorded a very chilly reception.

Use Eyebrows To Shadow The Eyes, Says Beauty Grow Them Longer And Thicker To Be Beautiful

By Lina Cavalieri
The Most Famous Living Beauty.
YOU cannot change the color of your eyes, but you can accentuate their color by taking special care of your eyebrows and eyelashes. So that they will grow longer and thicker and lend their shadows to the eyes. A simple precaution to take is to brush them every night and morning with an eyebrow brush in keep them free from dust. The brush may be dipped into linolein at night. This will stimulate the growth wonderfully and there will be plenty of time for the linolein to be absorbed by the skin during the night.



—Photograph by Campbell Studios.

"Y" Leader Inspired By Mexican Lads In Their Camp In Mountains



SCENES IN MEXICAN BOYS' Y. M. C. A. CAMP.

By W. A. ALTON.
The evening feature of the camp was the camp fire. A large group was cleared off before two big fires a little to one side of the camp grounds and a male council ring was constructed. The boys caught the spirit of the speaker and eagerly followed and participated in the discussion as it developed. The speaker, Mr. Dickerson, in the atmosphere of the evening hour and under the open skies in the very heart of nature it seemed that the fitting thing to make these talks an occasion for an informal study of God in the interpretation of God through nature.

Abe Martin's Musings

WITH a hot presidential campaign just around the corner a word in season in regard to speechmaking is not to be amiss. With political lines clearly drawn, the issues well defined, the hands all playing, an everthing ready for the great quadrennial battle of parties, the inclination of many of us to make a speech is liable to be irresistible. How to prepare a speech, what to do with our hands while speaking, how to dress for a speech, how to clear the throat for a great oratorical plunge, how to sway an audience, how to work up a thrilling climax, how to punctuate a speech, how to look at your watch and drink a sip of water before beginning a speech, how to survey a sea of faces, how to leave the platform gracefully after a speech, how to greet an audience, how to fill with danger. Speakers, like thinkers, should be cool headed and thick skinned. A speaker, first, necessarily has to know what he's talking about if he has a heavy voice

By The Noted Indiana Humorist

SPEECHMAKIN'
an good appearance. To first word of encouragement senator Hardin' ever got after he entered public life he got at East Liberty, O., at the close of a speech he was running for the Ohio legislature an' stumpin' his district. East Liberty, O., is just a little place with a grain elevator, a farm, an' a state bank, a modest allotment of English sparrows, some neat, tidy cottages, brick sidewalks, hollyhocks, an' a certain well, an' two or three stores filled with groceries an' bare collars. After the band played "Marching Through Georgia" young Hardin' mounted the platform an' was introduced by the chairman. He made a mild, pleasant speech for votes. He never referred once to the Civil war an' praised his adversary an' talked a few moments about the "standard" of taxes. Then he stepped off the platform in the dark and started alone to

Kin Hubbard

th' livery stable to check out. He hadn't gone far till somebody came up behind him an' patted him gently on the back an' said: "My name's Nate Mills, an' that was th' best speech I ever heard. An' I've allus said so." This was twenty years ago an' thus encouraged young Hardin' there an' then determined upon a public career. While his rise has scarcely been likened to a skyrocket, it's been a steady an' consistent. In what was once th' old reliable, rock-ribbed Republican state of Ohio with its acres of big public man young Hardin' has lived his life. When he is in the only Republican of any consequence left to tell th' tale, an' no matter how he got nominated for th' presidential election he was a Republican. He was one of the first men to give the national newspaper service.

When The Man In The Moon Kissed Her Hair

Drawn By C. D. BATCHELOR

